Ro. Farewell.
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Ro. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iu. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo doe you:
Dry ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowm'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that cals? it is my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hether?
La. Why, how now *Iuliet*.
Iu. Madam, I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe,
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughtered him.

Iu. What Villaine Madam?
La. That ſame Villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine, and he be many miles
God pardon him, I doe with all my he
And yet no man like he, doth grieue m
La. That is becauſe the Traytor liu
Iu. I Madam, from the reach of the
Would none but I might venge my Co
La. We will haue vengeance for it,
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one i
Where that ſame baniſht Runnagate d
Shall giue him ſuch an accuſtom'd dra
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tibalt* comp
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, ſo for a Kinſman ve
Madam, if you could find out but a m
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereo
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart
To heare him nam'd and cannot come
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughtere d
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding Gi
Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a n
What are they, I beſeech your Ladiſhi
Mo. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull
One who to put thee from thy heauine
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not
Iu. Madam in happie time, what da
Mo. Marrie my childe, early next T
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentlem
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Chu
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)